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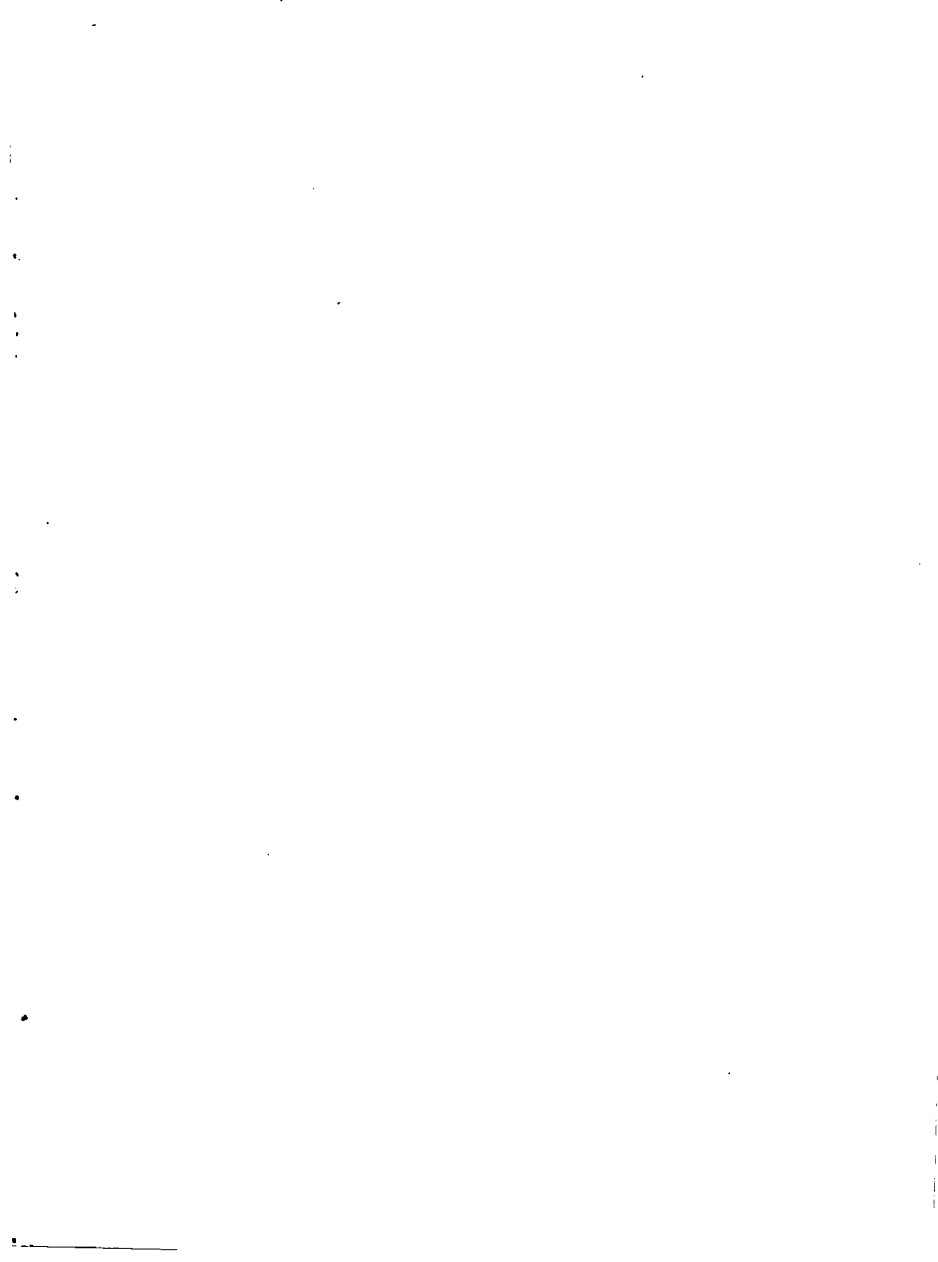
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The Ethical Element in Literature

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO PROMOTE A METHOD OF TEACHING LITERATURE.

ILLUSTRATED BY

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE IN MEMORIAM,

AND BY

COMMENTS ON THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR,

INCLUDING

• THE TEXT OF JULIUS CÆSAR. •

WITH NOTES.

BY

RICHARD D. JONES.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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TO
WILLIAM T. HARRIS, DENTON J. SNIDER, GEORGE P. BROWN.
JOHN W. COOK, CHARLES DE GARMO.
UNITED IN THE BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP,
ZEALOUS IN
THE PROMOTION OF PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT,
EARNEST SEEKERS AFTER THE ETHICAL ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

PREFACE.

IN PREPARING for college I read the Iliad. I could not have told why it was great literature. That question was never asked. In fact, the Iliad was not studied as literature, but as a time-honored basis for drill in Greek grammar. Recently I have asked many college graduates why Homer is great. Rarely do I find one who has given any thought to the matter. They have mostly taken it for granted that the Iliad is great literature. It has endured the storms of Time for three thousand years; it must be great, "But why? Really I have never thought about it."

This little book is an attempt to emphasize a method of studying literature. The fundamental idea of this method is the Ethical Element in Literature, literature as a teacher of righteousness, literature as giving a portrayal of the essential nature of all deeds and their inevitable consequences whereby we, seeing all this *ideally* portrayed, may learn the lesson without ourselves reaping the penalty for violation. This fundamental idea has been, designedly, repeated again and again. What pedagogic value there is in repetition I have wished to employ in making prominent this, the fundamental thought of the book.

Mrs. Montagu said in apology for her book on Shakespeare: "The most superb and lasting monument that was ever consecrated to Beauty was that to which every lover carried a tribute." It may then be that this little book which was designed, primarily, for the use of schools and literature classes, will help the movement

now gathering strength to value literature for the spiritual insight it gives. Said the Librarian of Congress recently: "The true question to ask respecting a book is, *Has it helped any human soul?*" Said Plato, "Beauty is the splendor of the True."

Literature is an ever-widening field of thought, in the words of Dr. Harris, "the transfigured history of the human race," a moral mirror wherein man may read the lesson of the past, and, thus in possession of the experience of the race, become, in truth,

"The heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

To justify this view of literature I quote from our illustrious poet, that stern man with an empire of thought in his brain, whom so lately

"God's finger touched him and he slept,"


"We say he [Shakespeare] had no moral intention, for the reason, that, as artist, it was not his to deal with the realities, but only with the shows of things; yet, with a temperament so just, an insight so inevitable as his, it was impossible that the moral reality, which underlies the *mirage* of the poet's vision, should not always be suggested." "The moral office of tragedy is to show us our own weaknesses idealized in grander figures and more awful results,—to teach us that what we pardon in ourselves as venial faults, if they seem to have but slight influence on our immediate fortunes, have arms as long as those of kings, and reach forward to the catastrophe of our lives, that they are dry-rotting the very fibre of will and conscience, so that, if we should be brought to the test of a great temptation or a stringent emergency, we must be involved in a ruin as sudden and complete as that we shudder at in the unreal scene of the theatre."—*James Russell Lowell.*

I desire to express my obligations to President John W. Cook, of the Illinois State Normal University, for hearty encouragement and helpful suggestions, and to the scholars named in the Dedication for the stimulation they have been to my intellectual life.

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TO MY FELLOW TEACHERS.

E AS teachers do not, I think, often fully realize the opportunities open to us of determining through literature the character and destiny of our pupils. How many of us must look back upon neglected opportunities when we, through thoughtlessness or ignorance, proved recreant to our trust. We might have reclaimed the vicious through a love for good reading. We might have kept from the streets during the precious evening hours of youth the boy overflowing with life, by reading with him and his mates, in school or out, Scott's *Kenilworth* or *Ivanhoe* or *The Lady of the Lake*. During the years when the memory is as

“Wax to receive and marble to retain”

we might have stored his mind with the wisdom of the race preserved in books. “God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past days.” “The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterwards. * * Fortunate if the best fall in our way during this susceptible and forming period of our lives.”

But, my fellow teachers, do we always do our duty to our pupils in seeing that “the best” fall in their way during this susceptible and forming period of their lives? Do we know what they read? Shall we say, with Milton in the *Areopagitica*, “A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life”? Then shall we not with

our whole soul urge the youth in our charge to catch this precious life-blood of a master spirit? Shall we say with Keats,

"A drainless shower of light is poesy"?

or, with Coleridge, "Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thought, human passion, emotion, language"?

"Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power."

Do we believe this? Then our souls should be aflame.

Milton says also, in the *Areopagitica*, "For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance. I trust that through this little book I have helped to make clearer to some the distinction between good and bad books. I have said, "Read the great books"—but all pupils are not yet mentally ready for the great books (though there is little danger of attempting them too soon), yet teachers must often give advice as to other books. I have endeavored to make clear that the chief objection to the dime novel, the English "Shilling Shock-er", and the so-called realistic fiction, French and otherwise, is that it is not *true to life*; that even when the realistic novel gives an exact portraiture of an episode in a life, or of five years of that life, the total impression is often a false one. The villain is left unpunished. Treachery seems successful. The author presents his book as a photograph of the exact truth, denying any responsibility for the unsatisfactory nature of the facts. But his book nevertheless gives a false impression of life. Its teaching is pernicious. "Crime and punishment grow out of one stem." "The retribution is often spread over a long time and so does not become distinct until after many years." But the retribution does come. It must come. "God is not mocked." And the great writer is more than a photographer. He does not give us half-truths. He sees the essential nature of the deed he por-

trays and the consequences of that deed sure as the Justice of God. He ignores Time. "What is Time? The shadow on the dial,—the striking of the clock—* * * these are but the measure of Time, not Time itself. Time is the Life of the Soul."—*Longfellow*. Here we have a principle by which to estimate the value of books. The book which is confessedly realistic, which attempts to describe men and events "just as they are", was the work of a photographer, the snap-shot of a Kodak operator, and the product is the truth for an infinitesimal fraction of time. But the great book is the message to posterity of the great seer who, seeing the essential nature of deeds, shows the consequence along with the deed, remembering that "Time is the Life of the Soul."


It may be helpful to some to know that the method of studying literature given in this book is emphasized at the Illinois State Normal University. Teachers interested would, I doubt not, receive any needed help from President Cook, or Miss Ruth Morris, Professor of Literature, or Mr. Rudolph R. Reeder, Professor of Reading, in this institution. An address given to a teachers' association or a county institute will often give new meaning to literature and a new direction to its study, in the schools of the region. The articles by Mr. George P. Brown in the *Public-School Journal*, especially the series on Dante's *Divina Commedia*, all emphasize the same element in literature; as do also *The Spiritual Sense of Dante* by Dr. Wm. T. Harris, and the *Commentaries* of Mr. Denton J. Snider on Homer, Shakespeare, and Faust, which a large circle of readers find invaluable. These commentaries I have used in my classes, and they have been an intellectual stimulus and an inspiration to teacher and pupil.

As an attractive method of studying literature, let me suggest the formation of a Literature Club to meet one evening a week at the homes of the pupils. To this club invite the more advanced pupils of the school and the men and women of the community who care

for mental growth and culture, of whom every village contains far more than the doubting Thomases among us imagine possible. It is the privilege of our occupation that an invitation of this sort would be welcomed by the best people in every community, even though the giver of the invitation be a young man or a young woman. Were the young man in almost any other vocation, except the ministry, he might be thought presumptuous in inviting his elders to join such a club. But the teacher gains added respect thereby. He strengthens his hold upon the community and therefore upon his school. He becomes a force for good, a center of light. He quickens his own mental growth. He helps to lift the community and himself above the petty cares and gossip of this life into the upper realm, the realm of ideas, the realm of ideals. For a few hours each week he and his friends live not in the real but in the ideal world. They see life not as it is but as it should be. Their purpose is thereby quickened to make the ideal the real, and the teacher has thus been a distinct force in quickening his community toward a higher life.

THE FUNCTION OF THE TEACHER IN THE LITERATURE CLASS.

"Whilst that the childe is young, let him be instructed in vertue and lytterature."—*Lilly*.

HE teacher of literature should be: (1) A drill-master, as in all studies. (2) He should point out rhetorical, æsthetic, and philosophical excellences and defects. His work should include rhetorical criticism, æsthetic criticism, and philosophic criticism. (3) He should inspire a love for good literature in his pupils, and an appreciation of what good literature is. This appreciation of the characteristics of good literature should be a result of the three kinds of criticism above mentioned.

Upon his work as a drill-master I need not enlarge. I pass at once to the three kinds of criticism.

Rhetorical criticism relates to the choice and use of words, their number and arrangement to secure clearness, force, elegance. Under the head of rhetorical criticism come the beauty and correctness of figurative language; and, in poetry, rhyme, meter, rhythm—the distinction between the literary artists and the literary workmen, between Tennyson and the Brownings.

Æsthetic criticism relates to the art-form, the unity of idea in the poem, the clearness and distinctness of the single picture which every poem should give, and to which all else should be subordinated. In Raphael's painting, "The Transfiguration of Christ," there are many figures,

yet all aid in directing the eye of the beholder to the central figure, the transfigured Christ.

Judged by this canon alone, Pope's *Rape of the Lock* ranks high. Its common characterization as "a delicious little thing" recognizes the fact that its chief merit is the art-form rather than its weight of thought.

I have said that æsthetic criticism relates to the art-form, the distinctness of the single picture portrayed. Philosophic criticism deals with the value of this picture when seized by the imagination and with its bearing upon life. It is the basis of the common question, "Why should I read this book?" Philosophic criticism is really a discussion of the ethical element in a work of art. A poem which contains striking rhetorical and æsthetic excellences may yet have little if any ethical value.

When dealing with Byron we find that he satisfies the requirements of rhetorical and æsthetic criticism, but fails to meet the demands of philosophic criticism. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is weak where Byron is strong, but strong where he is weak. Her poetry has high ethical value, and satisfies the requirements of philosophic criticism. Tennyson satisfies the requirements of all three kinds of criticism. He is an exquisite artist and has also, in *In Memoriam* especially, expressed some of the profoundest and most helpful thought of the century; thought which has a bearing upon our daily lives—the uses of suffering, sorrow as a chastener, the sunny side of bereavement.

Keeping in mind the three divisions of criticism, we can understand the diversity of opinion held by even eminent critics in regard to a work of art. One critic may esteem highly rhetorical and æsthetic excellences; another, ethical or philosophical elements. The former critic would extol Byron; the latter, the Brownings. Under rhetorical excellences, again, one critic may emphasize clearness and therefore characterize Macaulay as the greatest of prose writers.

Furthermore, many cultivated men even do not recognize the ethical element in literature. They do not insist that a work of art shall *mean something*. Said a great scholar, impatiently, during the Robert Elsmere epoch: "When I read literature I don't want any politics or religion mixed with it. I read for recreation."

The critics do not agree. Edmund Gosse, lecturer on literature in Cambridge University, England, holds that a poem must be judged as an artistic whole and not by its spiritual teaching. On the other hand, Matthew Arnold says that the poets of the first quarter of the nineteenth century needed *materials* and a *basis*. He says of Byron and Shelley, that they were not so fortunate as to live in an atmosphere of fresh thought, and hence, in spite of their wonderful intuition of beauty, because their poetry does not mean enough it may not endure.

The question is as to the relative importance in literature of form and content. The truth may well be that both are essential to enduring literature. The judgment of the race, as inferred from the character of the poetry which endures, is that the literature is esteemed which gives spiritual insight. Any other view of the function of literature makes it no more "a teacher of righteousness," but a mere minister of pleasure. But its mission is to teach. It deals with the deep spiritual things of life. It paints all sorts of deeds, and, removing the illusion of time, shows their ultimate consequences. It looks upon all deeds *sub specie aeternitatis* (to use the words of Spinoza) "under the form of eternity," and shows that a life outwardly all defeat may be inwardly victorious. Ethical violations are shown to be followed by misery, pain, and death. Again and again is heard the refrain, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Great literature paints ideals, life not as it is but as it should be, and therefore shall be. Great literature is great not merely because as an artistic whole it is perfect, but also because of its spiritual teaching. "Literature," says Dr. Wm. T. Harris, "reveals to man his ideals of what ought to be; it elevates the banner of

his march toward the beautiful good and the beautiful true. It shows the ideal in conflict with the real, and educates man's insight into the distinction of good from evil." James Russell Lowell says of Dante: "But it is for his powers of inspiring and sustaining, it is because they find in him a spur to noble aims, a secure refuge in that defeat which the present always seems, that they prize Dante who know and love him best. He is not merely a great poet, but an influence, part of the soul's resources in time of trouble. All great poets have their message to deliver us, from something higher than they. Had he merely made us feel how petty the ambitions, sorrows, and vexations of earth appear when looked down on from the heights of our own character and the seclusion of our own genius, or from the region where we commune with God, he had done much. But he has done far more, he has shown us the way by which that country far beyond the stars may be reached, may become the habitual dwelling place and fortress of our nature."

If this be the function of great literature, what then must be the function of the teacher of literature? Obviously it must be to emphasize that which makes the literature great; to put less stress upon figures of speech and more stress upon spurs to noble aims; to emphasize less mere forms of expression, whether beauties or defects, and to emphasize more "the distinction of good from evil"; in brief, to show "the way by which that country far beyond the stars may be reached."

This view of literature and of the function of the teacher of literature puts his work upon a higher plane. It adds to his responsibilities; he may not rest content with sharpening the intellectual faculties of his pupils. But it adds to his privileges; he may give new meanings to the words God and duty. He opens to his pupils a world of beauty, but, more than this, a world which quickens all "high endeavor amorous of the good," a world which may be "part of the soul's resources in time of trouble."

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

Holorfernes: Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!* O, thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nathaniel: Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.—*Love's Labor Lost.*

TO REPLENISH our intellects we must feed of the dainties that are bred in a book. To be more than an animal we must be well read. But what is it to be well read? Certainly not to read all the new books. The Imperial Library at Paris contains over a million volumes, and twelve thousand new volumes are added yearly. "Of making many books there is no end." What shall we read?

Emerson says, "Never read any book that is not a year old;" also, "Every year buries its own literature." This simplifies the problem greatly. If we wait a year before deciding as to *The Lady or the Tiger*, we shall not need to decide.

Our commissioner of education, Dr. Wm. T. Harris, classifies reading matter into the transitory and the permanent. The transitory includes the newspaper, the magazine, the novel, professional books, etc., which are destroyed in the fires of consuming time, and their permanent element, if any, expressed in new form. The permanent are "the eternal record of eternal truth," the great books which the judgment of the race has approved and called the best.

Substantially the same division of literature is made by De Quincey, literature of information and literature of power. Not one book in a thousand belongs to the literature of power. The aim of the first is information; of the second, inspiration. We do not read the *Merchant of Venice* for information. We can find more facts, and important facts, in a cook-book. Still, the *Merchant of Venice* is greater than the cook-book.

We should read more or less of the literature of information. We should read more of the literature of power. We waste our time and strength upon the transient and trifling, and leave unconquered the great masterpieces of the world's literature, the high conceptions of the great souls who have stood upon the mountain peaks and caught a larger view of man's destiny and duty.

Great literature is not easy reading. It is not milk for babes. It cannot be picked up as the diversion of an idle hour. To read it requires thought. To grasp its full meaning requires the profoundest thought and years of previous culture. There is in the great literature a story which he who runs may read, but there is much more than the story. The story is not what makes it great. In the words of Bardo, in George Eliot's *Romola*, "Vergil embodied the deepest lessons of philosophy in a graceful and well-knit fable." It is the philosophy and not the fable that makes literature great. The author may have been no philosopher. He may have followed the rules of art unconsciously. His ethical sense may be an instinct, yet happily so true is his insight that to him beauty and truth are fundamentally one, and so, while aiming only to produce a work of art, he has inculcated a great moral truth which burns itself into the minds of his readers. Great books furnish the surest guides to right living. Not that the author distinctly purposed to produce a sermon. Such a purpose is indeed liable to produce the "goody-goody" book repugnant to the young mind. Yet among the chords of a great work of art, again and again is heard the strain, "Be sure your sin will find you out;" and thus

the work of art is a guide to conduct. Purified through suffering, the ministry of sorrow, this is the keynote of Hawthorne's novels. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is the burden of George Eliot's message. Is sin pleasant, and is the life of the sinner a happy one? Ask Hetty Green in *Adam Bede*. Is a beautiful, brilliant, gifted man thereby relieved from the necessity of a fundamental basis of character? Ask Tito in *Romola*.

The deed will return upon the doer, soon or late. In the words of Emerson, "Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower that concealed it. The retribution is often spread over a long time and so does not become distinct until after many years." But the great writer is able, consciously or unconsciously, to remove the illusion of time and look upon the deed and its ultimate consequence at once. The real character of the deed is thus seen by him, and his portrayal is a guide to conduct.

Sings Barry Cornwall:

"We are born, we laugh, we weep,
We love, we droop, we die!
Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas! Not I."

For this reason let us not "spend days and nights, sir, in the study of"—Barry Cornwall. The great books of the world have wrestled with the great problems of life and have found some solution. The book of Job, Goethe's *Faust*, *In Memoriam*, all attempt the great problem of evil and reach a conclusion.

The really great books are not many. After a visit to the great library of Harvard University, Emerson went home satisfied, feeling that "the best of all is already within the four walls of my study at home." He says it is practicable to read the great books "because they are so few."

Among the greatest, if not the four greatest, are Homer's *Iliad*, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, Shakespeare's

Dramas, and Goethe's *Faust*. If we master these works, we shall not need to read many others. Each one of these comprehends the valuable element in thousands of weaker books.

To read the thousands would require an eternity of time. The present life is adequate if we drink at the fountain head. If in addition to these four greatest we select a few great names, we may well ignore all others. True, there is need of other books. The professional man must have his professional library. Every occupation in life has its literature. But the books which we read for culture, for the sake of manhood and womanhood, these should be, mainly, not the flood of magazine literature, nor the countless swarm of "books of the day," nor yet the dead books of half forgotten authors—"the books of the day" of preceding generations—but the few great books which are the enduring treasure of the race, "the eternal record of eternal truth."

To answer the question, then, "What is a well-read man?" I should say the man who has read the few great books. Quantity is not so important as quality. One man may have read ten thousand second-rate books, another has read the ten greatest. The latter is the well-read man. Reading books is like climbing mountains—if we climb the highest we may overlook the lower peaks and the foothills. Let us climb the highest, therefore, for mental vigor and an outlook toward the end of the journey of life, but not ignoring the gentle valleys fragrant with the flowers of poetry—the songs that soothe and bless. The danger is that we shall linger too long in the realm of sentiment and never attempt the heights.

HOW SHALL WE READ?

"Next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one."—*Longfellow*.

"I learnt life from the poets.—*Madame de Staël*.

HAVING determined *what* we shall read it then remains for us to decide *how* we shall read. What must we look for? What must we find in our reading? Evidently we ought to find our poet's message to the world. This message may lie upon the surface, may be so simple that a child may understand. The Psalm of Life needs no commentary. The burden of the poet's song, or rather the cheer of it, may be simply

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

The poet may not discuss the *problems* of life, the ministry of doubt,

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

There is thus a literature of rest and peace wherein is heard no sound of strife. Some souls need not the experience of passing *through struggle* to repose. Their favorite poet will be the one who sings of peace.

"His calm and blameless life
Does with substantial blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of peace cover him round."—*Cowley*.

But as we approach the greater poets, the intellectual element becomes more prominent, the *problems* of life are discussed.

"He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own."

If we read the poetry we should think the problem. It may be that for ourselves we do not need to think the problem. We may, perhaps, rest content in simple "blessedness like theirs." But if we wish to find "a stronger faith (our) own," to be a help in understanding and solving the problems that arise in the minds of most young men, we must not "make (our) judgment blind." We must think the problems and "beat (our) music out" for us and for them.

The lesson to be learned will depend upon the nature of the selection under discussion and upon the intellectual maturity of our pupils. There is literature the ethical teaching of which is right, from which selections may be made adapted to pupils of any age or grade. I quote from Dr. Charles DeGarmo, of the University of Illinois:

"But the ethical experience of the race is embodied in another form [than history] that precisely fits the understanding and tastes of the child, that is capable of enlisting his immediate and enduring interest. This form is that of imaginative literature. Myths, fairy tales, classical stories, legends, folk-lore, fables, are, as Dr. Harris says, only the transfigured history of the race. They are a concrete embodiment in imaginative form of the four great ethical ideas, together with their innumerable variations. By using this material as a basis of ethical training, the child not only gets the ideas but he gets them in a form that appeals powerfully to his natural interests, and that enlists his disposition; for it comes to him in such a way that he must pass a correct moral judgment in each case. This is Christ's method of teaching. When the lawyer asked, "Who is my neighbor?" the answer was not a definition but a story of a man who fell among thieves.

* * In all this it is not meant that any valuable effort

now put forth for the upbuilding of character should be relaxed, but rather that a new means for moral instruction and for enlisting the heart of the child on the side of right conduct lies almost unused at hand. It would seem the duty of schools to explore this delightful realm, and to devise the best means for utilizing it for the upbuilding of better ideals and more stable character."

I have no desire to undervalue that method of studying literature which concerns itself, mainly, with beauties of style. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"What as Beauty here is won

We shall as Truth in some hereafter know."—*Schiller*.

The position taken is that the method proposed is the best gateway of approach to literature, and that it yields large results in determining character and conduct.

I have observed that in all grades in school pupils eagerly discuss questions of right and wrong, questions of conduct. As in *Enoch Arden*, whether Enoch ought not to have yielded to Annie's wish that he should not sail for China when she, for the first time, "fought against his will," with "many a tear," "many a sad kiss," "supplicating" him not to go; whether Enoch did right in giving up his wife and children on his return; whether Philip was a nobler man than Enoch; whether it would have been nobler in Enoch to have died and made no sign; why he did at the last decide, "she shall know." These questions pupils will eagerly discuss, and soon come to look upon poetry as *meaning something*.

After such questions it may be well to curb the desire on the part of the teacher to "point a moral" whereof "a little more than a little is much too much." The author of the typical Sunday-school novel, in her desire to do good, sometimes over-does the matter. The teacher may easily fall into the same error. Let sin be painted, as in George Eliot, in all its hideousness, but with no exaggerations, simply as it appears in the clear, cold light of truth.

An overeagerness to "adorn a tale" sometimes defeats its own purpose by giving an impression of partisanship

rather than of judicial fairness. An evident desire to give even his Satanic Majesty his due makes the more effective the indictment of one who clearly sees and states what "his due" is. The method by which great literature produces its ethical effect is well stated by Dowden in his *Shakspere; His Mind and Art*.

"Without an ethical tendency, then, the Elizabethan drama yet produces an ethical effect. A faithful presentation of the facts of the world does not leave us indifferent to good and evil, but rather rouses within us, more than all maxims and all preaching can, an inextinguishable loyalty to good. It is any falsifying of these facts, whether the falsification be that of the sensualist or of the purist, whether it be a lie told to seduce us to vice or to bribe us to virtue—it is this which may possibly lead us aside from directness, simplicity, and uprightness of action."

In the chapter on "What shall we Read?" I advised more attention to the great world-poets. It does us all good to look up, to stretch a little. Moreover, this is the best way to give young men especially *respect* for poetry. Make the young man see that real literature is not merely senseless jingle, that one may "lisp in numbers" and yet be rhyming twaddle, that literature worthy of the name is truth in artistic form, "The Thought of thinking souls" (in the words of Carlyle), the thought of the greatest minds that the race has produced, and he will take a new interest in it. To tell him that poetry is beautiful, and that he ought to love it, does not always awaken his enthusiasm; but to tell him that the *thought* in the poem seems to be above his intellectual capacity touches his pride. When he has come to entertain as much respect for poetry on account of its weight of thought as he does for a problem in mathematics, the work is done. The inherent beauty in poetry will, like other music, "make tigers tame," and the young man will henceforth apply to poetry the words of Wordsworth:

"Wisdom married to immortal verse."

The message of the great world-poets, inasmuch as they expound such mighty themes, is not to be found by the indolent nor the weak-minded. "Next to being a great poet," said Longfellow, "is the power of understanding one." To these books we must give our brightest and most unwearied moments, with every faculty of the soul receptive and alert. Only thus are we in the proper mood to catch the meaning and to be thrilled by the great thoughts of those whose utterance may, in a sense, be called the voice of God. Do we believe that there have been men of transcendent genius, whose masterpieces in music, in painting, in poetry, are the high conceptions of those who have walked with God? Do we believe in genius, in "the divine afflatus"? Shall we, with Thomas Carlyle, call Dante's *Divina Commedia* "a sublime embodiment, our sublimest, of the soul of Christianity," the Christian plan of salvation expressed in terms of poetry? Then shall we not rejoice if our minds are large enough to hold even a portion of his message to us; and shall it not shame us if this "extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions" is to us a sealed book? In the book of every great world-poet is a great truth artistically, pictorially, poetically expressed. This truth we ought to see when we read. The commentaries of the critics, wisely chosen and moderately used, are often helpful.

Some are inclined to scoff at the so-called transcendental criticism and the supersubtleties of interpretation whereby the German critics, Gervinus, Ulrici, Schlegel, expound the philosophy involved in Shakespeare. The scoffers claim that more is put into Shakespeare than Shakespeare himself meant, and that he would be surprised could he know how profound he was, he who knew "little Latin and less Greek." James Russell Lowell, speaking of this German school of criticism, said: "After reading all that can be said against the justice of its deductions, or divinations, if you choose to call them so, I am inclined

to say, as Turner did to the lady who, after looking at one of his pictures, declared that she could not see all this in nature. 'Madam, don't you wish to heaven you could?'" He further says, "He reads most wisely who thinks everything into a book that it is capable of holding * * whatever we can find in a book that aids us in the conduct of life, or to a truer interpretation of it, or to a franker reconciliation with it, we may with a good conscience believe is not there by accident, but that the author meant that we should find it there." But whether or no the author meant that we should find it there, or himself knew that it was there, it is there. It may be that, as Plato said, "Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand." The author may have worked unconsciously; he may have had the vision of the seer, the prophetic insight; but happily so true was his insight, so clear his vision, that a great system of philosophy got into his poem and made it immortal, an "eternal record of eternal truth."

My thought is that if this "eternal truth" may be apprehended by the reader, not merely in a dim, vague, semi-unconscious way, but clearly, vigorously, *intellectually*, the more likely is the book to aid us "in the conduct of life or to a truer interpretation of it."

SHAKESPEARE.

"I am always happy to meet persons who perceive the transcendent superiority of Shakspeare over all other writers."—*Emerson.*

"Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! what a man was this Shakspeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was."—*Coleridge.*

NO MAN whose opinion is of value denies to Shakspeare a place among the three, or if we include Faust, among the four greatest world-poets. But why is he great? "He is true to nature" we say, but exactly what do we mean by this? *Why* is he great?

Shakespeare is so many sided, so "myriad-minded" that no one view of him must be taken as all-embracing. But, certainly, one of the greatest lessons to be learned from his dramas is the *relative importance of apparently conflicting duties*. Duties conflict, apparently. We are shown in ideal personages or in the great characters of history men placed in situations where they must decide between duties. Their subsequent careers illustrate with marvelous insight the correctness or the error of their choice. Shakespeare is great, mainly, because his ethical teaching is always right. "As a man sows so also shall he reap." The deed will return upon the doer. But if the *motives* of the wrong-doer were right, what then? Before answering this question let us define tragedy.

WHAT IS TRAGEDY?

Not death. Death is not tragic. Creation will widen on man's view. David left the pall of his beloved Absalom "as if his rest had been a breathing sleep."

The fate of Arnold Winkelried was not tragic. To break the ranks of his country's foes he gathered a score of Austrian spears into his side. "Make way for liberty," he cried, "Make way for liberty," and died. As Vergil has said, "It is a glorious thing to die in arms."

Leonidas and his immortal three hundred at Thermopylæ. This was the great opportunity of two thousand years. A young man ought to thank God for such an opportunity to die.

The charge of the Light Brigade was not tragedy. Their duty was clear.

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

Into the valley of death rode the six hundred."

Instant death under the wheels of the thundering railway train is not tragedy. Simply an accident.

Is a breaking heart tragedy? "Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break." Is this tragedy?

What is tragedy? Tragedy is a conflict of duties or principles and a choice of the lower. There are two classes of tragedy—a conflict of principles which are both, apparently, duties, and a conflict of principles the one of which is manifestly right, the other wrong.

A man deliberately enters upon evil ways. His life is a tragedy. There is less pathos, however, in this sort of tragedy.

Tragedy is pathetic when duties conflict, or apparently conflict, and the man, while meaning to choose right, does choose wrong. This is the tragedy that wrenches the heart of humanity. Nor are such choices uncommon.

"Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."

In a Western state some years ago an amendment to the constitution was proposed making illegal the traffic in intoxicating liquors. A prominent judge of the state, a man of spotless reputation, who believed the remedy proposed premature and unwise, said with tears in his voice,

"My wife is at home on her knees pleading with her God that this amendment may carry—and yet I am going to vote against it." This was tragedy. Both with the high-est of motives, and yet one was choosing wrong.

The life of Robert E. Lee was tragedy. There was a conflict of duties—a perfect valid duty of loyalty to his State conflicting with his duty to the federal authority. Many a sincere man went out of the Union with his State. Duty to his country? Yes. Duty to his State? Yes. Which is higher? It is easier to answer now than it was when to many the nation was simply a federation of sovereign States. We say duties cannot conflict. But duties do conflict. At least it is often difficult to determine which of two opposing duties is the higher—which, in other words, is our duty.

Lowell sang in anti-slavery days:

"We owe allegiance to the State, but deeper, truer, more
To the sympathies that God hath set within our Spirit's core;
Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us Men."

Here the conflict is stated.

Men often fail in doing their duty not because their motives are wrong, but because their judgment is at fault.

What is the difference between Robert E. Lee and George Washington? Each was a rebel against the State. A difference of motive? Probably not. Robert E. Lee was a Christian gentleman. His motives were presumably right. Col. Anderson said of him at the dedication of the Lee monument at Richmond: "No more painful struggle ever tore the heart of a patriot. With him the only question then, as at every moment of his spotless life, was to find which way duty pointed. Against the urgent solicitations of Gen. Scott, in defiance of the temptings of ambition, for the evidence is complete that the command of the United States army was offered to him, in manifest sacrifice of all his pecuniary interests, he determined that duty bade him side with his beloved Virginia. He laid down his commission and solemnly declared his

purpose never to draw his sword save in behalf of his native State."

Robert E. Lee was the Brutus of the nineteenth century. Every one respected his personal integrity. "O, he sits high in all the people's hearts!" as a man and a soldier. And yet he marched under the black flag of treason. His motives were right, his judgment wrong, his life a tragedy.

Great numbers of Christian men and women in the south pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to uphold a cause which they believed to be right, and which *was* right had it not come into conflict with a still higher cause.

This is tragedy, to uphold with our lives a valid principle which yet conflicts with a higher principle, or as George Eliot says of Bernardo del Nero, Romola's grandfather, who perished on the scaffold: "He was a victim to a collision between two kinds of faithfulness." Bernardo del Nero chose the lower principle. "It was not given to him to die for the noblest cause, and yet he died because of his nobleness." This is precisely what made the situation so pathetically tragic. A noble man defending the lower of two conflicting principles, a man with the best of motives, and yet fighting against God.

Is man responsible for deciding right? Will not good intentions save him? "Hell is paved with good intentions."

SHAKESPEARE AND THE WORLD OF CONFLICT.

Shakespeare is great because of the beauty of his language, the elevation of his sentiments, the fidelity to nature of his characters, but, above all, because he portrays as does no other poet the world of conflict. Other poets fill our souls with sublime conceptions, our hearts with noble aspirations, but Shakespeare portrays the conflict of duties, of principles, life not so much in the peaceful times when "joy is duty and love is law" but in the perplexing periods of revolution, of moral and spiritual upheaval when old standards are breaking down, when

our relations toward truth must be readjusted, when "new occasions teach new duties," and when the relative importance of these duties must be determined through intelligence. To Shakespeare life is not a serene summer day, when the land is full of peace and calm and good-will among men. He portrays the storm, the lightning flash of contending principles, the spiritual throes which purify the moral atmosphere and prepare the world for the calm, serene summer days to come.

Thus is Shakespeare true to life, for life is largely made up of conflicts, of choices between two or more apparently conflicting duties. It never can be otherwise. This is the law of growth.

We live in a world of institutions. These institutions are the embodiments of the judgment of the race. They may be the incarnation of the conscience of men and as such are sacred. But there is born into the world a seer, a prophet. He listens to the voice of his conscience which tells him that the institutions under which he lives have outgrown their usefulness and must be modified or destroyed. Shall he attack these institutions because his conscience speaks? But these institutions are the conscience of the race *objectified*. Shall his individual conscience attack the conscience of the race, or shall he yield and assume that the party is greater than any man in the party?

Here is the great institution of private property. The world recognizes this as man's sacred right. But the soul of Edward Bellamy passionately denies that private property is or ought to be a sacred right. He attacks this institution of man fundamentally.

Not every one who attacks is a seer. But the seer to be true to the voice within must attack. His name among men becomes a by-word and a hissing. But if he is right the institution attacked is modified and his name, and his name only of his generation, is written among the names the world will not willingly let die.

Hence it is that the lives of some men cannot be written till a generation it may be has gone by since their

death. The principles for which they stood—were they right or wrong? Were they great men who saw in advance of their age or were they following an *ignis fatuus*? Is Bellamy's picture of the coming man "the baseless fabric of a vision," "such stuff as dreams are made of," the Quixotic fantasies of one giving "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name;" or is he the great man of the nineteenth century, the prophet of a new dispensation? Time alone can tell. But even the true seer comes into conflict with existing institutions which are the embodiment of the moral sentiment of the age. Hence the conflict and the necessity laid upon each one of us to decide which to follow—the old or the new.

"New occasions teach new duties. Time makes ancient
good uncouth,
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep
abreast of truth.
Lo, before us gleam her campfires! We ourselves must
pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate
winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portals with the Past's blood-
rusted key."—*Lowell*.

Thus we have portrayed in Shakespeare the world of conflict, man in action. Life is made up of conflicts, institutions clashing against institutions, principles against principles, the new against the old, and man choosing sometimes the higher, sometimes the lower. These conflicts are the subject-matter of Shakespeare's dramas, conflicts between property and life, between duty to parent and the maiden's right of choice, between duty to family and to State, and the countless variations that make up our life. Shakespeare's ethical sense is an instinct, an intuition. His solutions of these conflicts mark him as one of the great master minds of the race.

Shakespeare may be so read that the emphasis will be placed upon the language and meter and rhythm of the play; he may be approached from a philological standpoint; but the real greatness of our surpassing conflict-solving, duty-pointing genius is thereby largely missed.

THE CHARACTERS IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

In *Julius Cæsar* Shakspeare makes a complete imaginative study of a man predestined to failure, who nevertheless retains to the end the moral integrity which he prized as his highest possession, and who, with each new error, advances a fresh claim upon our admiration and love.—*Dowden*.

JULIUS CÆSAR is the Shakesperian play most largely read in the public schools. It is doubtless the best introduction to Shakespeare. It contains some of his most celebrated scenes, notably Portia's appeal to Brutus to share his secrets as was due a wife, Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar, the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. The language of the play is not antiquated and is easily understood. In one country school in Illinois there is but one reading class for all pupils above ten years of age; the reader is the play of Julius Cæsar. Furthermore this play reveals clearly Shakespeare's surpassing excellence in the treatment of ethical considerations, and not till our pupils see and appreciate this element in his work do they understand *why* Shakespeare is great, why his name is always included in the four greatest names in the world's literature.

FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS.

Some of the fundamental questions for a right understanding of the play are the following: Was Cæsar the destroyer of the liberties of the people and therefore worthy of death; or was he but carrying out the will of the people who desired a more personal form of govern-

ment, and whose death was "an irreparable loss not only to the Roman people but to the whole civilized world?" Was the determination of the conspirators to rid Rome of this man a political blunder as well as a moral crime? Shall we say "Julius Cæsar loved Rome, too, at least as well as any of his haters did, and loved her a thousand times more wisely", "Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?" Or shall we say "This Cæsar was a tyrant;" "Nay that's certain; we're bless'd that Rome is rid of him"?

And Brutus, was he "the noblest Roman of them all," a patriot, a hero, a scorner of baseness, "an honorable man,"

"and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!"?

Or was he "a muddy-headed idealist," easily tickled by flattery, the tool of Cassius, vacillating, inconsistent, the murderer of his best friend, ("For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:") "a man who was to commit the gravest of crimes, purely from a misplaced virtue," and then, after having assassinated his best friend and benefactor, because he loved Rome more, willing to sacrifice the cause of Rome to a "moral punctilio" about levying contributions for the maintenance of the army which was supporting this cause? ("For I can raise no money by vile means:") Yet was he not anxious to use the money raised by Cassius by "vile means"? "I did send to you for certain sums of gold to pay my legions, which you denied me." Shall we honor and love Brutus or shall we despise him?

And Cassius, was he an envious malcontent without character or principles who scrupled at no means to gain his unworthy ends? Or was he the brains of a movement which had for its noble purpose to restore the liberties of his country, and who to save Republican Rome had no moral punctilios about wringing "from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash by any indirection" provided only

Rome was saved? What shall be our attitude toward these three men?

If our pupils read this play without thought as to this, they have pronounced the words of the play but they have not read the play.

Before attempting to answer the questions suggested, let me premise that we should not take the Brutus of Plutarch, or the Brutus of history as our standard in estimating the Brutus of Shakespeare. Shakespeare often reverses the catastrophes of his authorities, as, for example, in *King Lear*, where Lear and Cordelia both perish in Shakespeare, though in his authority, Holinshed, they survive.

THE CÆSAR OF SHAKESPEARE.

What does Shakespeare say of Cæsar? No historical character is referred to oftener in his plays than "the mightiest Julius", "broad-fronted Cæsar". Yet he has nowhere fully portrayed this mighty man. In this play the characterization of Cæsar as a man is particularly inadequate and unsatisfactory. He is arrogant and pompous, "godding it in the loftiest style;" whereas the real Cæsar was a finished gentleman, according to Merivale "Cæsar the politic and the merciful." It is not, however, Cæsar the man, but Cæsar the spirit which is the dominant power of the play. Cæsar the man perishes but the spirit of Cæsar survives. Brutus exclaims:

"We all stand up against the *spirit* of Cæsar,
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar!"

Cæsar's spirit was the object of attack, viz: the imperial idea. But the world was evidently ready for this idea, which swayed mankind for the next fifteen hundred years. The spirit of Cæsar triumphed in the play as in the world. The conspirators met overwhelming defeat and the supporters of Cæsar were victorious. What the people desired was to be protected from the aristocrats; what they stood in need of was a strong hand to hold the

privileged classes in subjection. As at one time in the history of England the people most of all needed to be protected from the lawless and rapacious barons, and therefore welcomed a king with power to control these turbulent enemies of the people, so the people of Rome hailed Cæsar, their uncrowned king, as their strong deliverer. "And the Roman world," says Dr. Schmitz, of Edinburgh, "would have been fortunate indeed if it had submitted to the mild and beneficent sway of Cæsar." Shakespeare certainly makes the spirit of Cæsar triumph. "Cæsar was in reality right; monarchy had become a necessity, an historical right."—*Ulrici*. The noble Brutus was, therefore, opposing "the hand of God in history."

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

"The gift with which Brutus enriched the world was the gift of himself, a soul of incorruptible virtue."—*Dowden*.

What, then, shall we say of Brutus? That his life was a heart-rending failure. And this notwithstanding his noble character, his integrity in a corrupt age, the sincerity of his motives, his honesty and honor.

"Set honor in one eye and death i' the other
And I will look on death indifferently."

He was a lovable and lovely character in many respects,

"O, he sits high in all the people's hearts!
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness."

He is an ideal husband,

"O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!"

And his kindness of heart as shown to Lucius,

"Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee."

Nor was he a mere tool in the hands of Cassius,

“What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I will recount hereafter;”

This was said at their first conference in regard to Cæsar’s pre-eminence. So strong is he that he retains the leadership until the close, even Cassius the brains of the conspiracy (“He thinks too much:”) yields often against his judgment influenced by the weight of Brutus’s character and moral force.

And yet this noble man was after all “a muddy-headed idealist,” always wrong in his judgment of men and of measures, from sparing Antony to marching to Philippi, contradictory and inconsistent, who murdered his friend not for what he *had* done but for fear of what he *might* do.

“And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus,—that what he is, augmented,” etc.

“He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there’s the question:”

Crown him?—that:
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he *may* do danger with.”

The honorable Brutus, who murdered his friend and benefactor for fear Cæsar “might change his nature,” did so shortly after drinking wine with him, which was then regarded as a sacred pledge of truth and honor. He was also inconsistent, in that he quarreled with Cassius because Cassius had not done for him that which he was too lofty-minded to do for himself, “wring from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash by any indirection.” And yet he asked Cassius “for gold to pay my legions.” How should Cassius obtain gold except “from the hard hands of peasants”? Brutus, while “marching through Georgia,” was too conscientious to forage for supplies. He would endanger the cause for which he had taken Cæsar’s life, and risked his own and the lives of millions of his countrymen, rather than obtain supplies except through official channels, apparently forgetting that there

were no official channels, and that the country was in the midst of a civil war.

Brutus was thus inconsistent because he had no intellectual basis for his conduct of life. Just before the battle of Philippi, Cassius asked him, "If we do lose this battle, what are you then determined to do?" Brutus replied that to commit suicide is "cowardly and vile,"—"arming myself with patience to stay the providence of some high powers that govern us below."

Cassius "Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?"

Brutus "No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind."

Thus contradictory and inconsistent is he throughout the play.

What is the explanation? Some will say that there is no explanation needed, that the *motives* of Brutus were right, and that he was therefore a noble man, that his life was not a failure. In every class I have admirers of Brutus. Certainly if we agree with Kant (as many do) that the morality of an action is determined entirely by the motive, we shall defend Brutus as well as the heathen mother who throws her child into the Ganges. But if we hold that "the content of a moral act can be given only by intelligence;" that a man must not only mean to do right, but also exercise judgment as to what is right; that the conscience urges man to do his duty but does not tell him what his duty is; that this is the function of the judgment, of intelligence; then we shall decide that the life of Brutus was a failure. *His life was a failure because he could not determine the relative importance of apparently conflicting duties.* He would be absolutely honorable in every act of life and yet engage in a conspiracy! He would maintain his personal integrity and yet, for his country's sake, deceive and slay his friend! How Antony's thrust just before the battle of Philippi must have cut him through the heart!

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Brutus was a man of honor, Cassius of sense. Brutus cashiered Lucius Pella "for taking bribes here of the Sardians." Cassius said, "In such a time as this it is not meet that every nice offense should bear his comment." Brutus would have granted the request of the delegation who wanted General Grant dismissed because he was not a teetotaler. Cassius would have replied with Abraham Lincoln that the vital issue was not prohibition, but the crushing of the rebellion, and that he would be glad to send a barrel of the brand that General Grant used to every General in the Union army. Cassius had not the personal integrity of Brutus, yet he was not influenced solely by envy of Cæsar. He was the intellectual enemy of the spirit of Cæsar, and consistently subordinated all else to this attempt to restore the old Republic of Rome.

In ordinary times of repose Brutus would have been a noble citizen. "O, he sits high in all the people's hearts!" He would have been an ideal conservative. He could follow admirably prescribed limits and duties. He could walk in the footsteps of his fathers. But alas! he lived in a time of upheaval! In the confusion he lost his head. He could not read the signs of the times. He cherished a chimerical desire to return to a form of government which Rome had outgrown and thrust aside forever. To his oration in the market place explaining the death of Cæsar, the reply of the populace was "Let *him* be Cæsar!" Some Cæsar the people will have. Republican Rome is dead and Brutus is a dreamer.

Brutus was the Robert E. Lee of the first century B.C. Both stood for the maintenance of the old order of things. Both were resisting a change in the government—Brutus a change toward centralization of power in the form of imperialism, Lee the same tendency toward centralization in the form of a stronger Federal government, a Nation instead of a nation. Both were "jostling" the

"divine order of the universe". The lives of both were tragedy.

The keynote to the character of Cassius is the needs of the state, and to him, too, the state was the old order of things. "Less irreproachable as a man than Brutus, he is as a statesman far more excellent."—*Gervinus*. He cares more for the success of his cause than for moral perfection, personal integrity. He has no "moral squeamishness" about means, because he believes it no "indirection" to sacrifice for the sake of Rome all the wealth of Rome, including the "vile trash" from the hard hands of peasants. Yet, in personal character he is not utterly ignoble. Titinius dies for him. He has the love of Brutus.

"Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow."

Dante places both Brutus and Cassius in the lowest pit of the Inferno, in the jaws of Lucifer, because they were opposing the divine order of the universe. In the words of Lowell (in another connection), "He [Dante] believed firmly, almost fiercely, in a divine order of the universe, and that whatever and whoever jostled it, whether wilfully or blindly it mattered not, was to be got out of the way at all hazard."

When Shakespeare and Dante both represent the life of "the noblest Roman of them all" as a failure, we may draw the lesson that good motives alone do not constitute moral conduct, that intelligence is demanded in solving the problems of life, and that the problems must be solved.


NOTE.—An application, somewhat in detail, of this method of studying literature is made to the play of Julius Cæsar, the text of which begins on page 49. The notes and queries and discussions are intended, mainly, to bring out the ethical element in the play, to call attention to that in the play which "aids us in the conduct of life or to a truer interpretation of it."

IN MEMORIAM—AN INTERPRETATION.

The record of a faith sublime,
And hope, through clouds, far-off discerned;
The incense of a love that burned
Through pain and doubt defying Time:

The story of a soul at strife
That learned at last to kiss the rod,
And passed through sorrow up to God,
From living to a higher life:

A light that gleams across the wave
Of darkness, down the rolling years,
Piercing the heavy mist of tears—
A rainbow shining o'er the grave.—*Henry van Dyke.*

 HARLES Kingsley called *In Memoriam* "the noblest Christian poem which several centuries have seen." Others equally eminent have characterized it as "the most distinctly theological poem of the century," "the finest elegiac poem in the world," "one of the great world-poems worthy to be placed in the same list with the *Oresteia*, the *Divina Commedia*, and *Faust*."

What then shall be thought of Taine as a critic of English literature who could write thus: "His long poem, *In Memoriam*, written in praise and memory of a friend who died young is cold, monotonous, and too prettily arranged. He goes into mourning, but, like a correct gentleman, with bran-new gloves, wipes away his tears with a cambric handkerchief, and displays throughout the religious service which ends the ceremony all the compunction of a respectful and well-trained layman." As a

criticism this may be bright and "smart". However, it kills, not *In Memoriam*, but *Taine's English Literature*.

With less smartness, perhaps, but more truth, the Rev. Charles E. Coledge has written: "the full significance of *In Memoriam*, in its ethical and spiritual teachings, is not perceived at once, but, like gold, must be sought far below the surface." This describes my own experience. For years I have loved to read *In Memoriam*, but I read it, until recently, as a collection of somewhat detached poems discussing very beautifully, indeed, some of the problems of life and death, of the soul's immortality and eternal love,

"Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt,"

but I had no adequate appreciation of the *movement* in the poem. I had not learned to trace the successive steps from

"And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair,"

near the beginning of the poem, to

"To-day the grave is bright for me,"

in the epilogue.

But there is a *movement* in the poem which can be distinctly traced. The soul, at first rebellious, at last learns to kiss the rod. It accepts sorrow as a chastener and the final song is a peal of victory. This movement is the poem. The real greatness of *In Memoriam* is that it shows the process by which the rebellious soul passes through struggle to repose. There may be an æsthetic appreciation of the poetic beauties, but no adequate appreciation of the greatness of the poem without this intellectual grasp of the movement in the poem. Thus seen as a whole it becomes a new poem, a world-poem, "an eternal record of eternal truth."

In *In Memoriam* let us consider first, the purpose; second, the structure; third, the movement.

I suggest the following outline for a study of

THE PURPOSE OF IN MEMORIAM.

1. An elegy for A. H. H. Compare with the three other great elegies in English Literature: Milton's *Lycidas*, Shelley's *Adonais*, and Gray's *Elegy*.

2. A memorial of friendship. Compare with Shakespeare's *Platonic Sonnets*, I-CXXVI.

3. An attempt to rebuild the shattered moral world. Compare with the *Divina Commedia* and *Faust*.

In Memoriam is thus more than a simple elegy. It has been called "a series of meditations on love, death, and immortality." The death of his friend had shattered for him the moral world. He sometimes doubts God's love and goodness and righteous government.

There are seasons

"When the sensuous frame
Is racked with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a fury slinging flame."

But at last he finds peace. The movement is through struggle to repose.

"He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own;"—

1. As an elegy *In Memoriam* celebrates the virtues of his friend, Arthur H. Hallam, son of the distinguished historian, and the betrothed of Tennyson's sister.

"In Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touched him and he slept."

The virtues of his friend he sings in lofty strains:

"Seraphic intellect and force."
"The flower of men."
"The man I held as half divine."
"The sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes."

The death of Hallam turned the poet's thought to the nature of death, to the mystery of existence before and

after life. He discusses various views of the soul's condition after death. Of the Buddhist views he says:

"That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,
Is faith as vague as all unsweet:"

His own conclusion is that the soul is immortal and will maintain its distinct individuality:

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet."

In the treatment of death *In Memoriam* differs most strikingly from *Lycidas* and *Adonais*.

Milton sings:

"Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead."

And Shelley:

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep;
He hath awakened from the dream of life."

In these elegies the nature of death is rather taken for granted. But only after long inquiry into the nature of death does Tennyson say:

"They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change—"

Bereavement and the doubts and perplexities it raises are an universal experience. It is therefore helpful to follow the poet in the steps whereby he has reached certitude in his conclusions. The moral world has been restored and we find in *In Memoriam* the same kind of consolation and strength as in the Psalms of David. *In Memoriam* is thus more than an elegy.

2. *In Memoriam* is also a memorial of friendship,

"I long to prove
No lapse of moons can conquer love
Whatever fickle tongues may say."

The lines:

“I loved thee, spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.”

suggest a comparison with the *Platonic Sonnets* of Shakespeare (1-cxxvi). In both is celebrated the love of man for man. But the love celebrated in Shakespeare's *Sonnets* is an earthly love; in *In Memoriam* a love idealized, spiritualized, rising and losing itself in the love of God.

3. *In Memoriam* is an attempt to rebuild the shattered moral world. It “thus sets itself to minister help in the most helpless of hours, to be a strength and a comfort in the face of death.”

“I trust I have not wasted breath;
* * * not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death.”

It is the record of the experience of a soul in bereavement passing from anguish and despair,

“And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair,”

to resignation and peace,

“To-day the grave is bright for me.”

In Memoriam, therefore, belongs to the same class of literature as the *Divina Commedia* and *Faust*. In form the *Divina Commedia* is epic, *Faust* dramatic, and *In Memoriam* lyric. There are many points of resemblance between the *Divina Commedia* and *In Memoriam*. Each is the record of a love idealized. In both the loved one dies young. This loss quickens the spiritual perception of the lover and leads the soul to God.

The fundamental thought of both is the same—conformity to the divine will is the whole duty of man. “Our wills are ours, to make them thine” sings Tennyson. “And in his will is our tranquility” sang Dante six centuries ago.

Tennyson's thought in *Locksley Hall*,

“this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,”
was expressed by Dante's *Francesca di Rimini*.

"There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery."

The first line of *In Memoriam* is, "Strong Son of God, immortal Love," and the last line of the *Divina Commedia* is, "By the love impelled that moves the sun in heaven and all the stars."

THE STRUCTURE OF IN MEMORIAM.

Some one has said that in *In Memoriam* we find "a beginning, a correlation of parts, a progress and culmination." A. H. Hallam himself wrote: "No poet can be fairly judged by fragments, least of all, a poet like Mr. Tennyson, whose mind conceives nothing isolated, nothing abrupt, but every part with reference to some other part and in subservience to the idea of the whole."

We may, therefore, expect to find a structure in *In Memoriam*—each part in subservience to the idea of the whole.

What the idea of the whole is, is shown above in the outline for a study of the purpose of the poem.

As to the structure and movement, the poem is in general at first an elegy, later a memorial of friendship; near the close, sorrow has been accepted as a chastener, the moral world has been rebuilt, and Love crowned as Lord and King.

To some extent the Christmas songs mark the changes in the thought and mood of the poem,

"A rainy cloud possessed the earth,
And *sadly* fell our Christmas eve"

"The silent snow possessed the earth,
And *calmly* fell our Christmas eve"

as do also the birthday of Hallam, the dark day the anniversary of his death, New Year's day, and the spring-tide. These days suggest the mood of the poems following, or serve as links to bind together the parts of the poem "in subservience to the idea of the whole."

For a study of the structure and movement I suggest the following outline:

IN MEMORIAM—ITS STRUCTURE AND MOVEMENT.

1. The Prologue. An invocation, a prayer for help, forgiveness, and wisdom.

2. Poems i-xxvii. From blank despair to resolution, from

"And what to me remains of good?"

to

"I long to prove
No lapse of moons can conquer love,
Whatever fickle tongue may say."

3. Poems xxviii-lxxvii. The dead do not die.

"They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change";

The immortality of the soul. The Buddhist view. The Christian view: "And I shall know him when we meet." The problem of Evil. The voice of Nature as to death and immortality. "Are God and Nature then at strife?"

"What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

But sorrow is finally accepted as a chastener.

"O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me."

4. Poems lxxviii-clifi. "The low beginnings of content." He chooses a new friend. The moral world is reconstructed. He will follow the example of another who in his place would have turned "his burthen into gain." His would have been

"A grief as deep as life or thought
But stay'd in peace with God and man."

5. Poems civ-cxxxi. "The closing cycle rich in good."

A glorious peal of victory and of hope.

"Love is and was my Lord and King."
"And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear."

"I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil co-operant to an end."

6. The Epilogue. A marriage-lay for Tennyson's sister Cecilia. Also a vision of the "crowning race," the Coming Man,

"No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did
And hoped and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;"

Such is in general the movement in the thought of the poem, though there are other great themes suggested and

discussed—the relation between faith and knowledge, reason and revelation, the conflict between the teachings of nature and of faith, the vanity of fame, the possibility of communion with the dead.

Let us follow the thought somewhat in detail. Before bereavement came (poem i.) the poet *held* it truth

“That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

But now he is unable to find in loss a gain to match. Therefore he purposes to clasp his grief rather than permit Time—the victor Hours—to point the finger of scorn at one who loved and lost and then forgot his love. He desires not only to clasp his grief but to become as persistent in his gloom (poem ii.) as the old yew tree which changes not in summer sun nor winter gale. Sorrow denies that there is a loving Father directing all.

“The stars,” she whispers, “*blindly* run.”

Life has lost its meaning (poem iv.). He sets within a helmless bark. He explains (poem v.) why he writes—to numb his pain, also (poem viii.) to plant this poor flower of poesy on Arthur’s tomb.

Poems ix–xix describe the bringing home of Arthur’s body and his burial in English earth.

“and from his ashes may be made
The violets of his native land.”

Poems xxii–xxiii. celebrate the blessedness of those five years of friendship with Hallam.

He has reached the conclusion that love does not die, “They do not die.” The soul, the “keen seraphic flame,” pierces from orb to orb. This suggests a discussion of the grounds for believing in the immortality of the soul. Before entering upon the discussion he shows how blessed is the state of mind of those who, like Mary, do not need to pass through intellectual struggle to spiritual repose.

“What souls possess themselves so pure
Or is there blessedness like theirs?”

But they whose spiritual condition is given in poems xxxii. and xxxiii. do not need to read *In Memoriam*. *In Memoriam* is written for the troubled souls searching after the *basis* of faith, like the one "perplexed in faith," described in poem xvi.

"He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: *thus he came at length*
To find a stronger faith his own,"

What are the grounds for believing in the immortality of the soul?

1. Love *must* be eternal, else there is no meaning in life (poem xxxiv.) nor can there be real love (poem xxxv.)
2. "Truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame."

Kant has shown that the reason will reveal in a dim way God, Freedom, and Immortality, though he maintains that we cannot *know* these nor demonstrate them as we can the truths of mathematics and physics. Hence the comfort to man of

3. God's revelation of himself through his Word and Son,
"And so the Word had breath."

Continuing the theme, the condition of the soul after death, he fears (poem xli.) that he will ever be a life behind Arthur, since Arthur is already changing replies with all the good and wise in heaven. But he recollects that they were friends on earth, even though he was not Arthur's equal (poem xlii.) Then why may they not continue friends in heaven?

Does the soul go into a trance till the Judgment Day (poem xliii.)? Even if it does it will awaken, and love will awaken with the soul.

Poem xlv. suggests Wordsworth's thought in his greatest ode, "Intimations of Immortality"—the life of the soul before birth.

"The soul that rises with us—our life's star—
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

Tennyson speaks of "a little flash, a mystic hint" of pre-existence which "the hoarding sense gives out at times."

The child comes to a recognition of self (poem xlv.) This life were useless had he to learn himself anew after death.

In poem xlvii. is given the Buddhist and the Christian view of the immortality of the soul.

The problem of Evil (liii.), the voice of Nature (lvi.) The poet had as yet found no solution and was about to give up the problem. But the muse answered

"Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

Finally sorrow is accepted as his life-companion (lix.) with the desire expressed that she will "be sometimes lovely like a bride." Poems iii., xxxix., lix., and lxxviii. speak of sorrow. The change in attitude of mind is great from—

"O Priestess in the vaults of Death,"
to

"A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man."

Poems lx-lxv. continue the discussion of the relation of the soul in Heaven to the friend on earth. How much Arthur might have accomplished had he lived and what (lxxiii.) fame would have been his! But (lxxv-lxxviii.) fame is "a hollow wraith" and there is no hope for modern rhyme in attempting to celebrate his praises fitly. "But what of that?"

"To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise."

He now (lxxxii.) blames Death for nothing except that

"He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak."

He seems to hear Arthur's voice (lxxxv.) urging him to

"Arise, and get the forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come."

He revisits Cambridge (lxxxvii.) where their college life had been so happy, and describes Arthur's visits to his home (lxxxix.). He longs intently to hold

"An hour's communion with the dead,"

And in a trance

"His living soul was flashed on mine."

This experience (see II. Corinthians xii.) Tennyson more fully describes in a letter to a friend in America, written in 1874.

The moral world is now reconstructed and he can sing the glorious song "Ring, out Wild Bells, to the Wild Sky." "In this noble song we have a foretaste of that fierce arraignment of the life of the present day which characterizes some of the poet's later productions. Deeply religious by nature, like his friend Carlyle, he cannot reconcile himself to a life which, having no eye for the spiritual world, and no ear for the thunders of Sinai, takes a golden calf for its God, and political economy for its moral law. And yet this is the life which the great majority of mankind in our day lead."

His friend, Arthur, was the type of the "crowning race"—the Coming Man. His intellect, purity, gentleness are described (cix-cxiii.):

"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use."

Poem cxiv touches a great theme, the relation between Knowledge and Wisdom

"For she [Knowledge] is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul."

Tennyson says of Knowledge:

"Let her know her place;
She is second, not the first."

The facts of nature, physical truths, "Her secret from the latest moon" knowledge gives us, but not spirit-

ual truths, which alone give value and meaning to life. Agnosticism finds no support in Tennyson. "He has definitely ranged himself on the side of the spiritual philosophy which, since the days of Socrates, has accompanied and inspired the march of civilization, pointing out its goal. * * He holds that our life is from God to God, not from dirt to dirt."

In the closing poems the poet returns to a favorite theme—"the vision of the future and all the wonder that would be," man "the herald of a higher race," "the crowning race."

"Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

Of poem cxxxi.—the last except the epilogue—one has written, "*In Memoriam* closes with a prayer, than which there is nothing more nobly religious in all literature."

Of Tennyson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli wrote: "He has not suffered himself to become a mere intellectual voluptuary, nor the songster of fancy and passion, but has earnestly resolved the problems of life and his conclusions are calmly noble." It is because *In Memoriam* deals with the soul problems which every one must more or less successfully solve, that it is worthy of being called "the noblest Christian poem which several centuries have seen."

In *In Memoriam* the word love occurs sixty-nine times. In spite of "the Shadow feared of man," though "some bitter notes my harp would give," the keynote of the poem struck in the first line,

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"

never ceases vibrating until we read in the last stanza

"That God, which ever lives and loves."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.	Trium-	FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	virs,	ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.
MARCUS ANTONIUS,	} after the	A Soothsayer.
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS	death of	LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young
LENA, Senators.	Julius	CATO, and VOLUMNIUS, Friends to
MARCUS BRUTUS,	Cæsar.	Brutus and Cassius.
CASSIUS,	} Conspir-	VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO,
CASCA,		LUCIUS, and DARDANIUS, Servants
TREBONIUS,		to Brutus.
LIGARIUS,		PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.
DECIUS BRUTUS,		CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.
METELLUS CIMBER,		PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.
CINNA,		

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, *during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippæ.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. —ROME. A. STREET.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Throng of Citizens.

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!
 Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
 Being mechanical, you ought not walk
 Upon a labouring-day without the sign
 Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1st Citizen. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2d Citizen. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.¹

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2d Citizen. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2d Citizen. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2d Citizen. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2d Citizen. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters: but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper² men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2d Citizen. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

¹A cobbler was a *botcher* at any trade. The answer thus was evasive. Observe the cobbler's puns and quibbles.

²Proper is *handsome*.

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen; and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. — [*Exeunt Citizens.*]
See, wher their basest metal be not moved!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,³
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Marullus. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

³Images, statues of Cæsar decked with scarfs.

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Soothsayer. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely³ upon myself. Vexèd I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

³If one reads this play without thought as to the character of Brutus, he has but read the words of the play.

Was Brutus mere putty in the hands of Cassius as is sometimes held? This can hardly be. He is introduced as vexed of late with passions of some difference, the conflict between his desire to see the old Republican form of government maintained and his love for his best friend Julius Cæsar. Cassius did not put him into this frame of mind.

³Merely is *entirely*.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection from some other thing.

Cassius. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar!—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous⁴ on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king⁵

⁴Jealous on me is *suspicious* of me.

⁵Would it have been better for the Roman people had they
chosen Cæsar as their king?

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on death indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.⁶

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the Winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink!*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is

⁶Is not Brutus truly "an honorable man"?

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain;
 And when the fit was on him I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his⁷ lustre. I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius*,
 As a sick girl.—Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

Brutus. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,⁸
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and *Cæsar*: what should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.

⁷*His* for *its*. *Its* is not found in the King James translation of the Bible printed in 1611. Chatterton carelessly used the word *its* in his forgeries which he represented as being old poems written hundreds of years before the time of King James. This alone was sufficient to convict him.

⁸Contrast with the fundamental thought of Gray's *Elegy* "To read their history in a nation's eyes their lot forbade." Which is right?

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus* once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king!

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Brutus. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning

Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Lucius Junius Brutus who drove out the Tarquins. *This* Brutus "would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a demon as to the lasting government of a king."—*Steevens*.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his train.

Brutus. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some Senator.

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæsar. Antonius,—

Antonius. Cæsar?

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much:¹⁰ such men are dangerous.

Antonius. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.¹¹

Cæsar. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he never be at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,¹²

¹⁰Cassius the intellectual enemy of Cæsar's principle.—*Snyder.*

¹¹Well disposed.

¹²“It is evidently intended that Cæsar shall have a foible for supposing that he can read off character from the faces of men:

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.* CASCA *stays.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cassius. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then

'Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look'. Cæsar need not condescend to the ordinary ways of obtaining acquaintance with facts. He asks no questions of the soothsayer. He takes the royal road to knowledge—intuition. This self-indulgence of his own foibles is, as it were, symbolized by his physical infirmity, which he admits in lordly fashion—'Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf.' Cæsar is entitled to own such a foible as deafness; it may pass well with Cæsar. If men would have him hear them, let them come to his right ear. Meanwhile, things may be whispered which it were well for him if he strained an ear—right or left—to catch."—*Dowden.*

he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft! I pray you. What, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cassius. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: an I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their Worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!* and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers,¹³ they would have done no less.

Brutus. And, after that, he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say anything?

¹³Does Casca really mean what he says? Why do people fill with flowers the cells of condemned murderers?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.¹⁴

Cassius. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell both. [Exit CASCA.]

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius. I will do so: till then, think of the world.--

[Exit BRUTUS.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought,¹⁵

¹⁴“Cicero is tragic on account of his neutrality. ‘He will not follow what other men begin’, whether conspirators or friends of Cæsar; he is for neither side, not very strongly. He spoke Greek at the very moment when above all moments in Roman history he ought to have spoken Latin.”—*Snider*.

¹⁵“It is noteworthy that while Cassius thus plays with Brutus and secures him, almost using him as his tool, he is fully conscious

From that it is disposed: therefore 'tis meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes;¹⁶
 For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus:
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
 He should not humor me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his window throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

SCENE III.—THE SAME. A STREET.

*Thunder and Lightning.*¹ *Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cicero. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
 Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of Earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
 But never till to-night, never till now,

of the superiority of Brutus. The very weakness of Brutus came from the nobility of his nature. He cannot credit or conceive the base facts of life. He has no instrument by which to gauge the littleness of little souls."—*Dowden*.

¹⁶To what extent shall you associate with one for the sake of losing him good?

¹Observe the poetic art in the introduction of this scene. "Coming events cast their shadows before" always in Shakespeare. He does not surprise. He gives motives. We know how the play will turn out, if we observe his hints.

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in Heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,—I ha' not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons; they are natural;
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the clinate that they point upon.

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cicero. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cassius. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cassius. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of Heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
Heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fool, and children calculate;—
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformèd faculties,
To monstrous quality;—why, you shall find
That Heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,
As doth the lion, in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius;
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. *[Thunders still.]*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing^a bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

^aThe emphasis is on *willing*.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favor'd like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody-fiery and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cassius. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus³ to our party,—

Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may best find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,

³Observe that he is always spoken of as the noble Brutus. Was his life a failure, and, if so, why?

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.—

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts!
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ROME. BRUTUS'S ORCHARD.

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. What, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord.

Brutus. It must be by his death:¹ and, for my part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:
 How that might change his nature, there's the question:
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him;—that:—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him.
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But, when he once attains the upmost round,

¹"Of two evils choose the least." Must we choose either?

"The purest motives decide the inward struggle in favour of patriotism; even his bitterest foes acknowledge this. * * *

The play under consideration is a most striking variation on the theme of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, and gives us a new and remarkable proof of the depth and many-sidedness with which Shakespeare thought out and elaborated any problem he had once seized upon. A deed of as great, nay, greater weight than that demanded of *Hamlet* or planned by *Macbeth* is imposed on this pattern of a man—namely, the murder of a hero, who had increased the greatness of Rome as much as he had endangered her freedom. The deed required of him is of a nature doubtful in itself; it is one not decidedly right or decidedly wrong, like that to which *Hamlet* was called and to which *Macbeth* was tempted. The uncertainty, the doubt, the discord, lay in the other instances in the men themselves, here it lies in the thing itself, and is only from thence transferred to an even, clear, and right-judging mind. * * *

If in *Hamlet* the aim of the poet was to treat the relation of the intellectual to the active nature in a thoroughly human sense, in the history of Julius Cæsar the tendency is rather political: to depict the collision of moral against political duties. The struggle between the humanity of a noble and gentle nature and the political principles of an energetic character, between personal feelings and public duty, this is the soul of this play and the most interesting point of the situation in which *Brutus* is placed."—*Gervinus*.

²A common experience.

He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees*
 By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these extremities:†
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper thus seal'd up; and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

*The lower steps of the ladder.

†“Had Brutus waited for these extremities, it is possible that fate might have touched Cæsar.”—*Gervinus*.

“Brutus heads a plot to assassinate the man who, besides being clothed with the sanctions of the law as the highest representative of the State, has been his personal friend and benefactor; all this, too, not on any ground of fact, but on an assumed probability that the crown will prove a sacrament of evil, and transform him into quite another man.”—*Hudson*.

“For, apart from the fact that every delicate sense of moral feeling must revolt with horror from a treacherous murder (even though politically justifiable), Brutus, like Coriolanus, tramples upon the most natural and the noblest emotions of the human heart—the duty of gratitude, of esteem and loyalty to Cæsar—for the sake of the phantom-honour of free citizenship. He murders a man who is not only politically great, but who, as a man, had always proved himself great and noble, and who had more especially overwhelmed him with kindness, with proofs of his affection and high esteem. * * And it [the conspiracy] did collapse, because it was as much opposed to the moral law as to the will of history.”—*Utrici*.

Brutus. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.—

[*Opens the paper, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!—

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestor did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.—

*Speak, strike, redress!—*Am I entreated,⁵ then,

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocking within.*]

Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.—

[*Erit* LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:

The genius and the mortal instruments

⁵“This call of his country stirred him as strongly as Lady Macbeth's taint of manhood had stung Macbeth. The calm man, like that impassionate one, accepted his task; not that, like Macbeth, he plunged into it madly, but he made a wrong choice between the impulses of his nature within and the call of honour without.”—*Gervinus*.

“We have shown that the nature of Brutus, in itself, would never have impelled him to such a deed of violence; it was too gentle and magnanimous. But in those very qualities was that love of honour rooted, which led him to listen to the call of patriotism which led him on.”—*Gervinus*.

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone?

Lucius. No, sir; there are more with him.

Brutus. Do you know them?

Lucius. No, sir: their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Brutus. Let 'em enter.—[*Exit LUCIUS.*
They are the faction.—O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou pass, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and
TREBONIUS.*

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus.

He is welcome too.

Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this Metellus
Cimber.

Brutus. They are all welcome.—

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word?

[*BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper apart.*]

Decius. Here lies the East, doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth: and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;⁶
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire; and the high East
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?⁷ and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,

⁶The emphasis is not upon sun, but upon the place where:
"Here, as I point my sword," "up higher toward the North."

⁷Palter is equivocate. Engaged is pledged. Cautelous is crafty.

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna.

No, by no means.

Metellus. O, let us have him! for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus. O, name him not! let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.*

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cassius. Decius, well urged.—I think it is not meet,
 Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver; and you know, his means,

* Brutus knows full well that Cicero is not the man to play second fiddle to any of *them*; that if he have anything to do with the enterprise it must be as the leader of it; and that is just what Brutus wants to be himself.—*Hudson.*

Do you accept this view of the motive of Brutus?

If he improve them, may well stretch so far
 As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
 Cæsar must bleed for it!⁹ And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cassius.

Yet I do fear him;

For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.¹⁰

⁹“It is idealists who create a political terror; they are free from all desire for blood-shedding; but to them the lives of men and women are accidents; the lives of ideas are the true realities; and, armed with an abstract principle and a suspicion, they perform deeds which are at once beautiful and hideous.”—*Dowden*.

¹⁰“He commits a certain crime; a necessary part of this crime—the removal of Antony—he leaves undone.”—*Gertrudius*.

“A short-sighted idealism! yet it was better that Brutus should die with foiled purpose at Philippi than that he should soil the brightness of his virtue by the stain of what seemed to him needless blood-shedding.”—*Dowden*.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Brutus. Peace! count the clock.

Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius. 'Tis time to part.

Cassius. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main¹¹ opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Decius. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flatter'd.
Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cinna. Be that the uttermost; and fail not then.

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reason;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

¹¹Main is *strong*. From often means *contrary* to.

Cassius. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus.—

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.—

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.¹²

Portia. Brutus, my lord!

Brutus. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,

¹²“Portia, long since famous, and destined to become yet more famous among the women of Shakespeare. There must be a marriage of intellects as well as of hearts, is her doctrine. With this union not only of hearts but also of heads, love becomes an eternal thought as well as an undying passion. We have in her the most modern woman that Shakespeare has drawn, so modern that she reaches quite over the present into the future somewhere.”—*Snider.*

Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd to much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and upon my knees,
I charm you by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,—

To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret,
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus. O, ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!— [*Knocking within.*]
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by-and-by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*—Lucius, who's
that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how!

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

¹⁸“We read of no embrace, no touch of hands or lips, between Brutus and Portia; but we know that their souls have met, that they are inseparably one, and absolutely equal.”—*Dowden.*

Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief!¹⁴ Would you were not sick!

Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthful ear to hear it.

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make
sick?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.¹⁵

Brutus. Follow me, then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN CÆSAR'S PALACE.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæsar. Nor Heaven nor Earth have been at peace to-
night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!—Who's within?

¹⁴“If any there be sick, they make him a posset and *tye a kerchief on his head*; and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him.”—*Fuller*, “*Worthies of Cheshire*.”

¹⁵“O, he sits high in all the people's hearts!”

Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Re-enter the Servant.

What say the augurers?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.³

Calpurnia. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence!
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

³“The real man Cæsar disappears for himself under the greatness of the Cæsar myth. He forgets himself as he actually is, and knows only the vast legendary power named Cæsar. He is a *numen* to himself, speaking of Cæsar in the third person, as if of some power above and behind his consciousness.”—*Dowden*.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall **tell them** so.

Decius. Cæsar, **all hail!** Good morrow, worthy Cæsar.
I **come to fetch** you to the Senate-house.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser :
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Calpurnia. Say he is sick.

Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell gray-beards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæsar. The cause is in my will ; I will not come :
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it :
And these doth she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted :
It was a vision fair and fortunate.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now: The Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
*Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.⁴

Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.⁵

What is't o'clock?

Brutus. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

⁴“‘Reason’, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.”—*Johnson.*

⁵Here, for the first time, we have Cæsar speaking fairly in character; for he was probably the most finished gentleman of his time, one of the sweetest of men, and as full of kindness as of wisdom and courage. Merivale aptly styles him “Cæsar the politic and the merciful.”—*Hudson.*

Enter ANTONY.⁶

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within :
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna ;—now, Metellus ;—what, Trebonius !
I have an hour's talk in store for you :
Remember that you call on me to-day ;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius. Cæsar, I will ;—[*Aside.*] and so near will I
be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæsar. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brutus. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A STREET NEAR THE CAPITOL.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Artemidorus. *Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust
not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus
loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is
but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar.
If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives
way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!*

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

⁶“Antony is a man of genius without moral fibre; a nature of
a rich, sensitive, pleasure-loving kind; * * He is capable of per-
sonal devotion (though not of devotion to an idea), and has, in-
deed, a gift for subordination—subordination to a Julius Cæsar,
to a Cleopatra.”—Dowden.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the death of emulation.—
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME STREET, BEFORE
THE HOUSE OF BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Portia. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the Senate-house:
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
[Aside.] O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Lucius. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Portia. Yes; bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS.

Portia. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
Artemidorus. At mine own house, good lady.

Portia. What is't o'clock?

Artemidorus. About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Artemidorus. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Artemidorus. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself,

Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him?

Artemidorus. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of Senators, of Prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Portia. I must go in.—[*Aside*] Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!—O Brutus,

The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—

Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant.¹—O, I grow faint.—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ROME. BEFORE THE CAPITOL; THE SENATE
SITTING.

*A crowd of People in the street leading to the Capitol; among
them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter
CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TRE-
BONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and
Others.*

¹This to the boy whose presence she had forgotten.

Cæsar. The Ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar; read this schedule.

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What, is the fellow mad?

Publius. Sirrah, give place.

Cassius. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius. Fare you well.

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discover'd.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Bru-
He draws Mark Antony out of the way. [tus,

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the
Senators take their seats.

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus. He is address'd:¹ press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

¹He is ready.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæsar. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his Senate must redress?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,— [Kneeling.

Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the play of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banishéd :

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæsar. What, Brutus!

Cassius. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæsar. I could be well moved, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
 So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
 Let me a little show it even in this,—
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Cæsar,—

Cæsar. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius. Great Cæsar,—

Cæsar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me !

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar !

[*Dies.* The Senators and People retire in confusion.]

Cinna. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !

Brutus. People, and Senators, be not affrighted ;
 Fly not ; stand still ; ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
 Cæsar's
 Should chance—

Brutus. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer !
 There is no harm intended to your person,
 Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where's Antony?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, *Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!*

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In States unborn and accents yet unknown!

Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis² lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What, shall we forth?

Cassius. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Brutus. Soft! who comes here?

²At the pedestal of Pompey's statue.

Enter a Servant.

A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith.³ So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still.⁴
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Brutus. But here comes Antony.—

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

³Is Mark Antony *sincere* in this pledge of true faith?

⁴Still is *always*?

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?⁵
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death-hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands and this our present act,
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding business they have done:
 Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
 Our arms in strength of amity, and our hearts
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new dignities.⁶

Brutus. Only be patient till we have appeased
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

⁵Who else has too much blood in him.

⁶"This little speech is snugly characteristic. Brutus has been talking about 'our hearts', and 'kind love, good thoughts, and reverence'. To Cassius, all this is mere rose-water humbug, and he knows it is so to Antony too. He therefore hastens to put in such motives as he knows will have weight with Antony, as they also have with himself."—*Hudson*.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;—
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall I not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,—
Most noble !—in the presence of thy corpse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.—
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie !

Cassius. Mark Antony,—

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands ; but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That, were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to BRUTUS.*] You know not what you do; do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Brutus. [*Aside to CASSIUS.*] By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due rights and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. [*Aside to BRUTUS.*] I know not what may fall;
I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Antony.

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from Hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry *Havoc!* and slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
[*Seeing the body.*] O Cæsar!—

Antony. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt with CÆSAR'S body.]*

SCENE II.—THE SAME. THE FORUM.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, with a Throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.¹

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.--
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reason shall be renderéd
Of Cæsar's death.

1st Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

2nd Citizen. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them renderéd.

[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.]

¹“The speeches of Brutus and Antony are not only the turning-point of the drama, but the axis of the World's History at that moment.”—*Snider*.

Do you see why? What is this capacity for historical perspective so essential to the great historian? “The one makes a local tale, the other makes history.” What is it that makes history rather than a local tale?

3rd Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended ; silence !

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers !² Hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear ; believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure³ me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may be the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question⁴ of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced,⁵ for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony ; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the

²Lover is *friend*.

³Censure is *judge*.

⁴The *cause* of his death.

⁵Enforced is *magnified*.

benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizen. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1st Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2d Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3d Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.⁶

4th Citizen. Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1st Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

2d Citizen. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1st Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech⁷

⁶Let *him* be Cæsar. *Some* Cæsar the people will have. Republican Rome is dead and Brutus is a dreamer.

⁷"The whole design of the conspirators to liberate their country fails from the generous temper and overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security. Thus humanity and honesty which dispose men to resist injustice and tyranny, render them unfit to cope with the cunning and power of those who are opposed to them, * * who have no regard to anything but their own unprincipled ends, and stick at nothing to accomplish them. Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator. * * The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men."—*Wm. Hazlitt.*

This view does not recognize the position that the movement was foredoomed to failure, whatever Brutus did, because it was opposed to "the will of history."

"He [Shakespeare] is stern to all idealists. * * But with his sternness to idealists there is mingled a passionate tenderness. He shows us, remorselessly, their failure; but while they fail we love them."—*Dowden.*

Tending to Cæsar's glory ; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1st Citizen. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3rd Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4th Citizen. What does he say of Brutus? [Goes up.

3rd Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4th Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1st Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3rd Citizen. Nay, that's certain :

We're bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2nd Citizen. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears ;⁸

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones :

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man ;⁹

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

⁸Which was the more remarkable in its immediate effects, this oration of Antony's or Paul's oration on Mars Hill?

⁹There was no irony in Antony's voice when he first spoke of Brutus as "an honourable man." When does he have his audience so thoroughly in his power that they would endure a fling at the noble Brutus?

But Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am, to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once,—not without cause:
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?—
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2d Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong,

3d Citizen. Has he not, masters?
 I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4th Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
 the crown;
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1st Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2d Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3d Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
 Antony.

4th Citizen. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue,

4th Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would become of it!

4th Citizen. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4th Citizen. They were traitors: honourable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

2nd Citizen. They were villians, murderers. The will!
read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

2nd Citizen. Descend.

[*He comes down.*]

3rd Citizen. You shall have leave.

4th Citizen. A ring! stand round.

1st Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2nd Citizen. Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far' off.

Citizens. Stand back; room! bear back.

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,—

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1st Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

2nd Citizen. O noble Cæsar;

3rd Citizen. O woeful day!

4th Citizen. O traitors, villains!

1st Citizen. O most bloody sight!

2nd Citizen. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,
—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1st Citizen. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2nd Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him,

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do't; they're wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

1st Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3rd Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true: the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas,

2nd Citizen. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3rd Citizen. O, royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1st Citizen. Never, never.—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2d Citizen. Go, fetch fire.

3d Citizen. Pluck down benches.

4th Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work.—Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant. I heard 'em say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—THE SAME. A STREET.

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cinna. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1st Citizen. What is your name?

2d Citizen. Whither are you going?

3d Citizen. Where do you dwell?

4th Citizen. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2d Citizen. Answer every man directly.

1st Citizen. Ay, and briefly.

4th Citizen. Ay, and wisely.

3d Citizen. Ay, and truly; you were best.

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely I say I am a bachelor.

2d Citizen. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1st Citizen. As a friend, or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2d Citizen. That matter is answered directly.

4th Citizen. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

2d Citizen. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1st Citizen. Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4th Citizen. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4th Citizen. It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3rd Citizen. Tear him, tear him! Come; brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—ROME. A ROOM IN ANTONY'S HOUSE.¹

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Antony. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Octavius. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

¹“Cassius knew, Brutus suspected, that the time of the Republic was coming to an end. But in their republican pride, and feeling their republican honour hurt, they thought themselves called upon to make an attempt to save it; they trusted to their power to be able, as it were, to take it upon their shoulders and so keep its head above water. This was the arrogance which was added to the error, and which spurred them on not only to unreasonable undertakings but to commit a criminal act; and, therefore, they doubly deserved the punishment which befell them. Antony, on the other hand, with Octavius and Lepidus—the talented voluptuary, the clever actor, and the good-natured simpleton—although not half so powerful and noble as their opponents, came off victorious, because, in fact, they but followed the course of history and knew how to make use of it.”—*Urrich*.

Lepidus. I do consent,—

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus.—Upon condition that Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here?

Octavius. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

Antony. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octavius. So you thought him;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And, though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Octavius. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony. So is my horse Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,

Which, out of use and staled by other men,
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd out;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclosed,
 And open perils surest answer'd.

Octavius. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—BEFORE BRUTUS' TENT, IN THE CAMP NEAR
 SARDIS.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and Soldiers; PINDARUS meeting them; LUCIUS at some distance.

Brutus. Stand, ho!

Lucilius. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Brutus. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucilius. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Brutus. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own charge, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pindarus. I do not doubt
 But that my noble master will appear
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Brutus. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
 How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucilius. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Brutus. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. *[March within.]*

Brutus. Hark! he is arrived.
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cassius. Stand, ho!

Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Brutus. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cassius. Pindarus,
 Bid our commanders lead their charges off
 A little from this ground.

Brutus. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
 Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.--
 Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.¹—WITHIN THE TENT OF BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Whereas my letters, praying on his side
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.²

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet³

¹“I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene.”—*Coleridge.*

In reading this scene do not *scold*. Read slowly, giving the impression of self-control, deep feeling, but under restraint. This scene is sometimes read in public as if two fish women were slinging Billingsgate.

²“Each is naturally and inevitably aggrieved with the other; one from the practical, the other from the ideal, standpoint.”—*Dowden.*

³Cassius naturally thinks that “the honourable men whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar” should not peril their cause by moral squeamishness. And it is a very noteworthy point, that the digesting of that act seems to have entailed upon Brutus a sort of moral dyspepsia. It appears, a little further on, that he is more willing to receive and apply money got by others than to use the necessary means of getting it.

“Cassius judges, and rightly, I think, that the end should give law to the means; and that ‘the honourable men whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar’ should not be hampered much with conscientious scruples.”—*Rev. H. N. Hudson.*

Do you accept the statement that “the end should give law to the means”?

That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Brutus. And let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement!

Brutus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Brutus. All this! ay, more: fret, till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say *better*?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar lived he durst not thus have
moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cassius. I durst not!

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What, durst not tempt him?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—⁴

⁴ Brutus has alienated his friend by uncompromising adherence to his own ideal standard of purity * * but ideals, and

For I can raise no money by vile means:
 By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas,⁵ than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
 By any indirection:—I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces!

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not: he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
 A friend should bear his friends infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
 As high as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

an heroic contempt for gold, will not fill the military coffer or pay the legions, and the poetry of noble sentiment suddenly drops down to the prosaic complaint that Cassius had denied the demands made by Brutus for certain sums of money."—*Dowden*.

⁵ "Brutus is never thoroughly himself after the assassination: that his heart is ill at ease, is shown in a certain dogged tenacity of honour and overstraining of rectitude, as if he were struggling to make atonement with his conscience."—*Hudson*.

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheath your dagger:
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;⁶
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
 Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus,—

Brutus. What's the matter?

Cassius.—Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,⁷
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals:
 There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
 They be alone.

Lucilius. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

⁶“Any indignity that you offer shall be regarded as a mere caprice of the moment.”—*Craik*.

⁷Which first held out the olive branch of peace? In which line?

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Cassius. How now, what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?—
Companion, hence!

Cassius. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha! Portia!

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scaped I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cassius. And died so?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and a taper.*

Brutus. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Brutus. Come in, Titinius!— [*Exit* LUCIUS.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?

Brutus. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Messala. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Brutus. With what addition?

Messala. That, by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy Senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassius. Cicero one!

Messala. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus. No, Messala.

Messala. And nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brutus. Nothing, Messala.⁸

⁸“This may seem inconsistent with what has gone before; but we are to suppose that Brutus's friends at Rome did not write to him of Portia's death, lest the news might upset him too much; but wrote to some common friends in the army, directing them to break the news to him, as they should deem it safe and prudent to do so.”—*Hudson.*

Messala. That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you? hear you ought of her in yours?

Messala. No, my lord.

Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman tell me true.

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.*

Cassius. I have as much of this in art¹⁰ as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Brutus. Well, to our work alive.¹¹ What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus.

Your reason?

Cassius.

This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.¹²

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,

*What was the motive of Brutus in refraining from telling Messala that his news was stale? Was it that he might impress Messala with his self-control and greatness of soul in bearing sorrows? Or was his silence due to his loving consideration for his friend who had hurried from Rome with the news, and who would be disappointed in learning that he had been forestalled?

¹⁰In art means in *theory*.

¹¹"The work we have to do *with the living*."—*Hudson*. "The work that we the living have to do.—*Rolfe*.

¹²Brutus was, as usual, wrong in his judgment as to practical matters. In Act V. Octavius says: "Now, Antony, our hopes are answered. You said the enemy would not come down."

Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encouraged;
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,
 If at Philippi we do face him there,
 These people at our back.

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Cassius.

Hear me, good brother.

Brutus. Under your pardon. You must note besides,
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
 The enemy increaseth every day;
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Cassius.

Then, with your will, go on:

We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say?

Cassius.

No more. Good night:

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown!—Farewell now, good Messala:—
 Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,
 Good night, and good repose.

Cassius.

O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Brutus.

Every thing is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord.

Brutus.

Good night, good brother.

Titinius.

Messala.

} Good night, Lord Brutus.

Brutus.

Farewell, everyone.—

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.]

Re-Enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here in the tent.

Brutus. What, thou speak'st drowsily:

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by-and-by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Brutus. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.¹³ [*Servants lie down.*]

Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

¹³These two simple lines are among the best things in the play. Just consider how much is implied in them, and what a picture they give of the earnest, thoughtful, book-loving Brutus. And indeed all his noblest traits of character come out, "in simple and pure soul," in this exquisite scene with Lucius, which is hardly surpassed by any thing in Shakespeare.—*Hudson.*

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.—

[*LUCIUS plays and sings till he falls asleep.*

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous Slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:¹⁴
If thou dost nod, thou breakst thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*¹⁵

How ill this taper burns!¹⁶—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Ghost vanishes.*

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

¹⁴“Brutus, who, at the call of duty and honor, could plunge his dagger into Cæsar, cannot wake a sleeping boy * * There is nothing more tender in the plays of Shakspeare than this scene. The tenderness of a man who is stern is the only tenderness which is wholly delicate and refined.”—*Dowden.*

¹⁵Was the conscience of Brutus clear about the murder of Cæsar?

¹⁶Because of the presence of the ghost.

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Lucius. My lord?

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius!—

[*To VARRO.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Varro. My lord?

Claudius. My lord?

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Varro. } Did we, my lord?

Brutus. } Ay; saw you any thing?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius. } Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro. } It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.

Claudius. }

ACT V.

SCENE I.—THE PLAINS OF PHILIPPI.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so; their battles¹ are at hand:

¹Their forces.

They mean to warn³ us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, generals:
 The enemy comes on in gallant show;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so.³ [*March.*]

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS,
 TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

Brutus. They stand, and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
 Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Oc-
 tavius.

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
 words:

³To warn is *summon*.

³That is, "I will do as I have said"; not, "I will cross you." The text gives the right taste of the man who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him.—*Hudson*.

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*⁴

Cassius. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless too.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondsmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cassius. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Octavius. Come, come, the cause: if arguing makes us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look,—

I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitor's hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourably.

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour.
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

⁴What reply *could* Brutus make to this, "the most unkindest cut of all"!

Antony. Old Cassius still!

Octavius. Come, Antony; away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cassius. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucilius. My lord? [*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.*]

Cassius. Messala,—

Messala. What says my General?

Cassius. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, I am compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and gone;

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala. Believe not so.

Cassius. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved

To meet all perils very constantly.

Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since th' affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determinéd to do?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life; arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

Brutus. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;⁵
He bears to great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Brutus. Why, then lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

⁵Would you have thought more, or less, of Brutus if, arming himself with patience, he had been "contented to be led in triumph through the streets of Rome" rather than do that which he esteemed "cowardly and vile"?

SCENE II.—THE SAME. THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side:
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far' off.

Cassius. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My sight was ever thick: regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou notest about the field.—

[PINDARUS goes up.]

This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pindarus. [Above.] O my lord!

Cassius. What news?

Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur:
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.—
Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light. O, he 'lights too:
He's ta'en; [*Shout.*] and, hark! they shout for joy.

Cassius. Come down; behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!—

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pindarus. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Messala. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him?

Titinius. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Titinius. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Messala. Is not that he?

Titinius. No, this was he, Messala;

But Cassius is no more.—O setting Sun,

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,

Thou never comest unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Titinius. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel and darts envenom'd

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

Titinius.

Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.—[*Exit MESSALA.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!

But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit¹ walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.² [*Low alarum.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, Young CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not:¹ Who will go with me?

¹The spirit of Cæsar was the spirit of the age. He represented the tendency of his time toward imperialism, a tendency which Ulrici calls "the will of history."

²"Nowhere outside of the Scriptures are the sins of men revealed with more astonishing and terrific power as acts committed against the divine moral order."—*The Rev. Dr. Barrows.*

¹"Who is such a bastard as not to do so"?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the Enemy.*

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit charging the Enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.*

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.

1st Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius.

Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1st Soldier. We must not. A noble prisoner!

2d Soldier. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1st Soldier. I'll tell the news. Here comes the General.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony. Where is he?

Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth.* Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How every thing is chanced.

[*Exeunt.*

*Compare the reception of Lucilius with that of Enobarbus in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Men who have been "faithful unto death" to one master are a prize to their new master.

SCENE V.—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispering.*

Clitus. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace then! no words.

Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers him.*

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O Dardanius!

Dardanius. O Clitus!

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord.

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarums still.*

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Brutus. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Vol-
umnus.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarums. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly!*

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly!

Brutus. Hence! I will follow.—

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:¹

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*²

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCIL-
IUS, and Army.*

Octavius. What man is that?

¹"Brutus must die by no ignoble hand. To the last moment he reveres himself."—*Dowden.*

²"One and the same thought is reflected in the fall of Cæsar, in the deaths of Brutus and Cassius, and in the victory of Antony and Octavius. No man, even though he were as mighty as Cæsar and as noble as Brutus, is sufficiently great to guide history according to his own will; every one, according to his vocation, may contribute his stone to the building of the grand whole, but let no one presume to think that he can, with impunity, experiment with it."—*Ulrich.*

Messala. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no one else hath honour by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that served Brutus, I will entertain³ them. —

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all:⁴
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general-honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*⁵

Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

³Take into my service.

⁴The life of Brutus, as the lives of such men must be, was a good life, in spite of its disastrous fortunes. He had found no man who was not true to him, and he had known Portia. The idealist was predestined to failure in the positive world. But for him the true failure would have been disloyalty to his ideals. Of such failure he suffered none. Octavius and Mark Antony remained victors at Philippi. Yet the purest wreath of victory rests on the forehead of the defeated conspirator."—*Dowden.*

⁵"The closing words of Antony, which are in part exactly as they were delivered."—*Gervinus.*"

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
 So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day.⁶

"Octavius, who deals skillfully with life and is misled by no enthusiasms, whose cool heart does not disturb his efficient hand, who sees the fact with clear-cut edges, and achieves the necessary deed with logical precision, which is pitiless, but not cruel—Octavius is successful. Yet we should rather fall with Brutus."
 —*Dowden*.

Robert E. Lee was the Brutus of the nineteenth century. Explain.

"And yet the character of Brutus is full of beauty and sweetness. In all the relations of life he is upright, gentle, and pure; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; a man adorned with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart. * * His great fault, then, lies in supposing it his duty to be meddling with things that he does not understand."—*Hudson*.

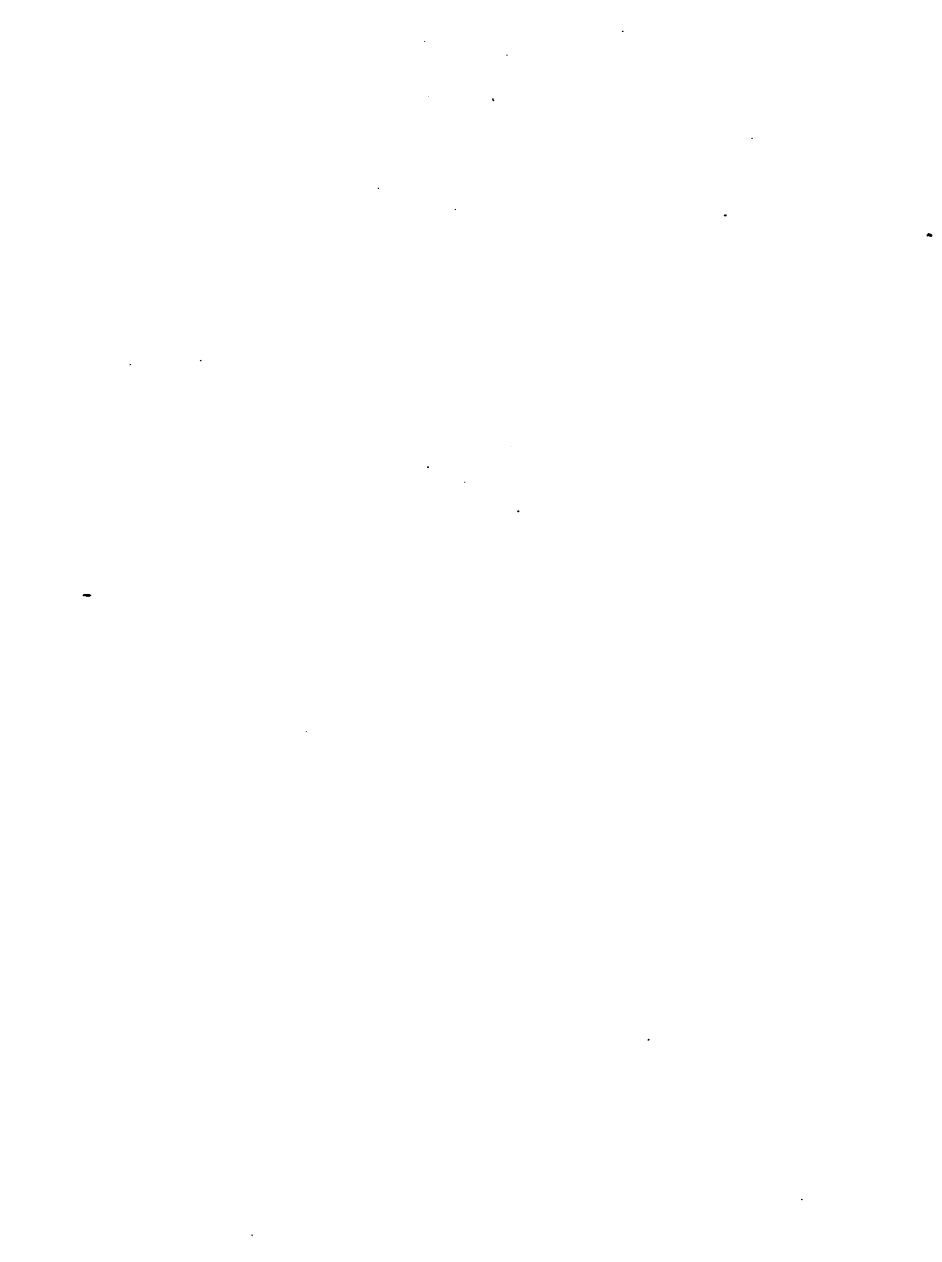
To make Brutus pompous, conceited, vain-glorious, destroys the *pathos* of the play. All rejoice to see the villain meet his just deserts. But when a good man goes wrong we have tragedy.

"But the act of Brutus in killing Cæsar was of such an ambiguous kind as to receive its denomination from the motive by which it was suggested: it is that which must fix upon him the name of patriot or assassin."—*Mrs. Montagu*.

"There are two clearly distinguishable phases of morality. One is subjective and individual, the other objective and universal. One may be called God in the heart and the other God in the world. The first pertains to man's relations to himself and God; it has to do with that inward peace and harmony that ensue when volition is in accord with insight; it concerns itself with the conscience, which must be kept tender and true, 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' The second pertains to man in his relations to his fellows; it regards him, not as an isolated being, but as a member of a great social organization, which is controlled by institutions and laws. It insists that he shall live in substantial accord with these laws or suffer sure, and, perhaps, swift punishment. 'As a man sows so shall he reap.'"—*Dr. Charles DeGarmo*.

Can we not see why Dante places Brutus with Judas Iscariot in the lowest pit of the Inferno?

What is there in this play that "aids us in the conduct of life or to a truer interpretation of it?"



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